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REDCLIFF REVIEW

OUR SLOGAN: An Industrial Metropolis of Industrious People Who Pull Together.

Volume 27 THE REDCLIFF REVIEW THURSDAY, MAY 25th 1939 Number 47

Address of The Common People

Written By B. K. Sandwell
Of the Toronto Saturday Night

Your Majesties:

We, the ordinary, common-or-garden people of Canadao, desire to greet you. We desire to welcome you to our country—which is also your country because we are your people. We desire above all to assure you that we know, and are grateful, that it is we, and not the great and mighty of this land, whom you have come to visit.

True, we shall not be presented to you; our names which are Jones and Mocdonald and O'Higgins and Hebert and Johanssen and Schneider and Straus and Salvatore—will not be registered in the oficial diary of your tour nor on the tablits of your retentive royal memory. Nevertheless we are the people whom you are visiting—we, and not the three hundred guests with whom you will dine at Rideau Holl or the five hundred at Hart House. These we know have been picked for you by the officials according to the rules f the game.

We are not jealous of them for we know that you would much rather have dined with us—or, since there are rather too many of us; with a run-of-the-mine sample of us; say a farmer or two (yas, we are a bit sorry you are going to be short on farmers, they are still the back bone of this country, even if the backbone is slightly warped witr shouldering the (national debt), a printer's forman, an automobile mecranic, a corner grocer, a telephone switchboard operator, a professor of swine husbandry and the man who mends the breaks in the Niagara transmission cables.

We wish you could go for a night run with the chap who drives the fastest motor truck between London and Toronto. We wish you could have a lunch with the girl who does the secretarial work for old— of the—Manufacturing Company; you will meet him, but he won't tell you that he couldn't run the show without her assistance. We wish you could go to the bottom of the—Mine with old Charlie, who has saved at least 40 men from pretty certain death because he knows the tricks of the old hole in the ground as a mother knows the tricks of her baby son. We wish you could take tea with the young wife of a young doctor up in the young Peace River country. We wish you could attend a meeting of one of the little Canadian Clubs say in the Okanagan Valley. We think it would be nice if you could spend a day up in the fire ranger's tower near the B.C.-Aberta boundry, and just look out over ten thousand square miles of mountain forest with not a mayor or a provincial Minister or a telegraph operator—and scarcely a human being—nearer than twenty miles away. And we should have liked you to drop in for ten minutes at the meeting of the United Church Ladies' Aid Society of — Sask.

We know that it was not possible that these things should be done, though we know also that you would have liked to have them done if it had been possible; but we think they would have helped you to do what you are coming to Canada for, namely to know and understand your Canadian people. What can they know of Canada, who only official Canada know?

And so Your Mjesties for the next three weeks we resign you not without our deepest sympathy, into the hands of official Canada, which will see to it that you meet only the Best People—some of whom are very good and some not so good, but all of whom can be relied upon not to drink out of the finger-bowls nor to slap you on the back and call you "Old Pal."

For ourselves we shall be content to stand along your line of march and wave our little flags and cheer our little cheers which which collectively will make quite a good flage waving and quite a noisy cheering,—or even if we are too far from your line of march and wave our little flags and cheer our little cheers which collectively will make quite a good flag waving and quite a noisy cheering,—or even if we are too far from your line of march, to wave our flags mentally and to creer in imagination as we think of you passing by, it moy be two or three hundred miles away, and yet nearer to us than any king and queen of Great Britain and of Canada have ever been before.

And one other thing, Your Majesties, we are emboldened to address you in these respectful but unconventional terms, because we believe that both by your short royal experience and by the long developed instinct of the great families to which you eash belong, you are not unskilled in reading beneath the official veneer to the solid lies below it. We believe that timber of populad feeling that the cheers and flag-waving of us the millions of the Canadian people who will line your path, will mean more to you than the conversation of the official dinner-parties and the resolutions, loyal and we trust gramatical, of the legislators and the aldermen, the bankers and the beef-barons and the boards of trade.

We are the people who will do the fighting for you when your Crown next needs to be defended by force of arms. We are the mothers who bring up the next generation of your Canadian people in love to your persons and loyalty to your throne. We are the men and women whose brain and brawn keep the life of this your Dominion going, so far as official Canada will let us.

We are the people you have come to visit. We welcome you to your own.

OUR LOVING KING AND QUEEN

All In Town and Country are Anxious To See Them Friday, This Week

Carnival Big Success In Broadway Store

Many Attended and Won Prizes At The Many Booths

Due to the cold weather and a few spasms of rain, people from Medicine Hat, and the outlying districts, were unable to attend, however a large number of men, women and children from Town were present on all three nights, the Carnival having been held over until Monday night.

The Carnival had been arranged for the purpose of making improvements on our Swimming Pool and Park. Mr. Jack Hope President and Mr Bert Allison, secretary of the pool who were responsible for orranging and managing such a large and successful venture, also a few ladies and gentlemen who abley assisted in the various booths.

On Friday and Saturday we also had the Merry go round on Broadway, adjacent to the Carnival Building. Mr. Simon Moir the manager fittingly entertained the youngsters and grown ups.

The special prize, a fishing outfit was won by Mr. F Gorgenson.

Fire On Fifth Street Last Monday Noon

Car and Garage of Mr. C. Bergeron Nearly Total Loss

It has been some time since we had a really serious fire in Town, but last Monday afternoon, when Mr. C. Bergeron's garage, with his car inside, burned, endangering several adjacent buildings, proved the exception to this rule

The fire which broke out about noon, and was fanned by strong east wind could very easily have wiped out a number of houses on fifth street. Fortunately, owing to the promptness of the Fire Brigade, any further damage was avoided.

Mr. Campeau's car and garage which were immediately adjacent, were saved inspite of the fact that the building took fire sveral times.

The fire apparently had its origin in the car itself and when discouvered it was both dangerous and foolhardy to try to save the car, owing to a quantity of gas still in the tank which exploded a few minutes after the fire broke out.

Fortunately Mr. Bergeron had his car insured.

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SUNDAY MAY 28th 1939

10:00 A. M. Sunday School
7:30 P. M. Evening Service
Rev. Claxton in Charge.

Town Council Meeting Monday And All Present

Council Sat on Court Revision To Hear Appeals

Town Council met at a regular meeting last Monday evening. Mayor Sangster and all Councilers were present.

Previous to the regular council meeting the council sat on a Court of revision to hear appeals against the 1939 Assessments. Several appeals were taken up but in each case council decided that the assessments made would stand.

The School Board made a request for $800.00 which was granted.

A quotation was received from the Dominion Bridge for repairs to the water tank and was referred to the water committee.

Councillor A. E. Shaw was appointed deputy myor for the second quarter.

A number of accounts were passed for payment by the finance committee

A letter was read from the City of London, Ontario, containing resolutions regarding transient unemployed, which was approved by council.

Officers Appointed At Redcliff Scouts

Regular Meetings Will Be Held Every Third Tuesday

A meeting of Redcliff Scout Group Committee was held in the Town Hall on Monday May 22nd

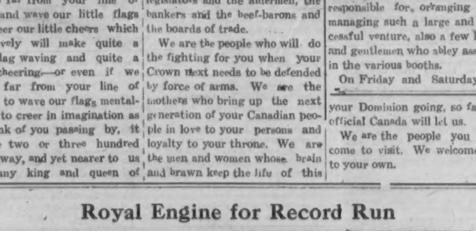
The following officers were elected: President: Mr. A. N. Collard, Vice-Pres: Mr. R. E. Strobel, Sec.-Tres.: Dr. L. Lewis

Mr. P. Huckle, who is responsible for renewing the activity of the local Scout movement, was unanimously accepted as Scoutmaster Assistant.

Regular meetings of the Group Committee will take place every third Tuesdy in the Month.

It was decided to approach Chief Taylor, who is the District Commissioner for the Scouts, re the Redcliff Scouts participating in the celebrations in connection with their Mejesties The King and Queen's visit on May 26th as well as the Scout Jamboree in the evening at 7 o'clock the same day in the Medicine Hat Arena.

Royal Engine for Record Run



Engine 2850 of the Canadian Pacific motive power fleet — semi-streamlined Hudson type, last-minute word in locomotive construction—will haul the Royal Train from Quebec to Vancouver and 25 Canadian Pacific engineers, each selected for his record and ability, will in turn handle the throttle during the coast-to-coast run. From the time the royal train leaves Quebec City May 16 until it arrives in Vancouver May 29, the engine will provide the power for the trip of more than three thousand miles, a run not heretofore carried out by any one engine on the North American Continent.

Canadian Pacific engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen to a total of 110 men will man the Royal Train on the Company's lines, and an equal number selected with equal care will handle the Pilot Train which has been provided for newspapermen, police and accompanying officials. The honor of being first engineer to pilot the locomotive of the train bearing Their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth when they visit Canada, however, goes to Eugene Leclerc, (inset) quiet-spoken French-Canadian locomotive engineer who has 48 years' service with the Canadian Pacific Railway. Nearly 38 years ago when the late King George V and Queen Mary, then Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, visited Canada, Eugene Leclerc was fireman on their train from Quebec City to Montreal. This time he will be engineer for the same run.

Comparison of the above pictures of the new locomotive of the same series as 2850 and old No. 360, which powered the royal train on the 1901 tour, and which was one of the best in service at that time, shows the great strides made in engineering in the past four decades.

Locomotive 2850 is one of the new semi-streamlined engines built last year for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. It weighs 363,900 pounds, more than four times as much as the original 90,000-pound engine, and has a tractive effort of 57,000 pounds as compared to the 13,400 pounds of old 360. No. 2850 is being carefully checked for the trip and will be beautifully painted in royal colors for the tour over Canadian Pacific lines.

FRUIT BUSHES
FOR SALE

Sand Cherries,
Gooseberries,
Rhubarb Roots.
Rasberry Canes,
Potatoes,
Artichoke Sets

Delivery in April

W. H. NUSSEY
DRAYING, GARDEN PLOWING
CESSPOOL WORK

NUMONT·FUL·VUE
Beauty in Simplicity

ASK FOR THE LATEST STYLE IN GLASSES BY THIS NAME. YOU WILL BE AMAZED AT THE MODERN STYLING THAT CAN BE PUT INTO A PAIR OF GLASSES AND STILL MAINTAIN THE GREATEST AMOUNT OF LENS PROTECTION AND COMFORT.

B. F. SOUCH

See The New Servel Electrolux
No Moving Parts. No Noise
Silent in Every Respect
New Low Prices From - $198.00 Up
G. KITCHEN & H. LENNING, Redcliff
ANDERSON SERVICE STATION, MEDICINE HAT

VEGA REBECCA LODGE
SALE OF WORK AND HOME COOKING
AT ODDFELLOWS HALL
JUNE 7th 1939, 2.30 6 PM.
Tea 25c, Menu- Raisin Bread, Brown Bread, White Bread, Strawberry, Short Cake, Light Cake, Dark Cake.
Tea Cup, Reading by Madame X
NOVELTIES - 5c EXTRA

DOUBLE AUTOMATIC BOOKLET

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QUALITE EXTRA SUPERIEURE
CHANTECLER

Chantecler
CIGARETTE PAPERS
NONE FINER MADE
5¢

Discipline And The Child

The problem of the wayward boy or the difficult girl is an age-old one. There are few families who escape it entirely in the course of a lifetime and in every community there are families in which it is an acute one most of the time until the children reach the age when they must fend for themselves without parental control or assistance.

Up to the age of adolescence, in most cases, the problem does not appear to be a serious one. While the children are quite young they are kept from serious harm apparently without great difficulty, because their actions and even their words and moods are subject to close supervision in the home and the school.

It is those years when boys and girls first experience the stirrings within them of approaching manhood and womanhood that the danger zone is approached. About that time the youth of both sexes are prone to retire within themselves, to nurse their own secrets, to draw away from parental control and, in short, to use a popular term, to live their own lives. They have emerged from the chrysalis of childhood and are eager to soar into an unknown realm.

All that is perfectly natural. The time comes when fledging birds must leave their nests and the young cubs must leave the home lair to fare forth "on their own". That is the most dangerous period in the life of bird or beast. Young and inexperienced and without the strength and wariness of their forbears they face a world full of terrors which they are not equipped to combat, except for such warnings as instinct may convey and for such lessons as they may have learned from their parents.

It is even so with the young of humankind. They, too, are launched unprepared into a world full of pitfalls, unless they have been equipped to face the dangers of life by parents and guardians who have been wise enough to train them with an eye to the future and have pursued this difficult task with understanding and sympathy.

* * * *

A Difficult Task

And this task is not an easy one, but it is a duty which must be faced by every parent worthy of the name if the resultant product is to be a credit to the family, the community and the nation, and unless this is the outcome, parenthood can be written off as a rank failure.

It is a difficult task because every child represents a separate problem requiring special treatment and that entails careful study and much thought. Even though the educational system tends to press the youth of the country into a common mould they are not born alike and that is too often overlooked both by parents and teachers.

It is a difficult task because training is a continuous process from the time the child is weaned until he or she is ready to leave the shelter of the home roof and that means that methods to be adopted must be such as to trend always in the direction of the main objective, with such variations as may be necessary to conform to the age, the temperament and the individuality of each child.

As already indicated, the process of successful training commences at the outset of life. It is too late to begin at the age of adolescence. The confidence and understanding between parent and child which is so essential to successful training in the 'teen years has either been engendered or lost by the time that difficult period of life is reached, and if it has been lost by that time it is difficult if not impossible to recapture it.

All of this does not mean that the child must be mollycoddled, nor does it mean that he or she must be ruled by big stick methods. A sure method to turn out a misfit is to allow the child to do what he or she wants on all occasions and at all times. An equally sure way is to repress the child by harsh treatment.

It does not mean that punishment for offences is to be avoided. Children have a keen sense of justice and punishment does not leave a searing sense of resentment, if it is deserved, if it is reasonable and if it is made to fit the offence and if proper account is taken of motive and temperament.

* * * *

Corporal Punishment?

Discussions on child training invariably lead to a review of the question of corporal punishment of children—to spank or not to spank. On this phase of the training problem it might not be amiss to quote here what J. D. Griffin had to say on the subject in a recent issue of "Health" in which he offered the following comment:

"What kind of people do we really want our children to become? The various measures we employ in child training are but means to this end. And so I believe it is perfectly possible to raise children so that they develop wholesome, vigorous personalities and become decent, efficient citizens without using corporal punishment at all. It is possible, but it is not without some danger. . . . The occasional spanking may actually be a healthy procedure. It clears the air and relieves pent-up emotional tensions. It frequently leaves the parents with the conviction that they have done their duty righteously. In any event such a procedure is usually far less damaging to the wholesome development of the child's personality than the oppression of continual nagging of parents."

The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, but they must be understood if relationships between parent and child are to be satisfactory and if the child is to be brought up in the way he should go.

Knew Little About Cards

John Omwake, former president and chairman of the board of the United States Playing Card Company, died in Cincinnati, aged 85. Mr. Omwake, although often described as the world's largest manufacturer of cards, knew no card tricks and had very little knowledge of how to play with them.

animals in the United States, Pennsylvania second and California third.

IF YOU FEEL SUNK
Read this and cheer up

Are you so blue that life is no longer worth living? Do you cry easily? Do you feel low, mean, depressed—just absolutely SUNK?

Then here's good news for you in case you need a good general system tonic—Just take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Let its wholesome herbs and roots help Nature build up more physical resistance and tone up your system, so that it can more easily throw off the "blues" and give more energy to enjoy life.

MILLIONS of women have depended upon this Compound and have passed the word along to friends and neighbors, and to their children.

Why not take Pinkham's Compound and go "smiling thru"?

Years Spent In Writing

Milton planned Paradise Lost when he was 32, brooded over it until he was 50, then spent seven years of blindness on its composition. Gray devoted eight years to his brief Elegy in a Country Churchyard. The Divine Comedy occupied Dante from his 35th year until his death at 66. Goethe wrote the first draught of Faust at 20 and finished the last at 80.

Fishing For Sharks

Zane Grey's fever for fishing has led him to the point where he recently spent $3,000 for one reel. It weighs 37 pounds, is 15 inches in diameter, and carries 2,000 yards—more than a mile—of 54 thread line. He hopes to hook gigantic sharks, 40 feet and longer, which he believes to exist in Australian waters.

A gallon of the average material of which the earth is made would weigh 55 pounds.

2307

A Protective Measure

United States May Establish Twelve-Mile Zone In Coastal Waters

The state department, it was learned, is investigating the national defence value of establishing a 12-mile zone of territorial waters around the United States.

This extension of the present three-mile limit of coastal control was proposed to the department by Chairman Key Pittman (Dem.-Nevada) of the Senate foreign relations committee. He said officials had advised him the proposition was under consideration but that it was complicated by international questions, since the department would prefer to take the step with other nations.

"If we allow submarine and warships within three miles of our shore during a foreign war," Senator Pittman said, "some of our ships will be sunk. And we don't want war within three miles of our shore."

He said the proposal would have peacetime benefits also, since it would give the United States greater control over the Alaskan fishing banks. American interests there, he declared, are in constant conflict with those of Japanese fishermen who stretch their nets just outside the three-mile limit.

Announcing he did not contemplate offering any legislation unless the state department requested it, Mr. Pittman said the three-mile limit might be extended either by proclamation or by treaty.

The United States set up a 12-mile zone by treaty with Great Britain during prohibition in order to make rum-runner patrols more effective. That limit was agreed upon because 12 miles was about an hour's run from shore. The three-mile zone dates back to the time when a cannon would shoot about that distance. It long has been accepted in international law as the extent of territorial waters.

SELECTED RECIPES

BUTTERSCOTCH FUDGE CAKE

(1 egg and 2 egg yolks)

2⅓ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2¼ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
⅔ cup butter or other shortening
1¼ cups sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
2 egg yolks, unbeaten
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
⅓ cup boiling water

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and soda, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each. Add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla, then add boiling water, beating quickly and thoroughly. Bake in two greased deep 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 30 to 35 minutes, or until done. Spread Butterscotch Fudge Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Decorate top with pecan halves. Double recipe for three 10-inch layers.

OYSTER STUFFING

3 cups finely crumbled Shredded Wheat Biscuits (4-5 biscuits)
¾ cup melted butter
1 to 3 cups oysters with their liquor
4 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons minced parsley
¾ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper

Mix all ingredients and add a little stock or boiling water, if too dry. Use to stuff a roasting chicken. To stuff a turkey, etc., increase this recipe.

Alberta Road Plan

Expenditures Of $625,000 On Main Highways This Season

Dominion-provincial proposals for expenditure of $625,000 on Alberta's main highways this season have been approved by Ottawa, it was announced by Hon. W. A. Fallon, Alberta minister of public works.

The expenditures approved by the Dominion include $550,000 to be shared equally by Alberta and the Dominion to be spent on improving and surfacing highways in the central and southern districts of the province.

In addition there is $75,000, two-thirds of which will be contributed by the Dominion and one-third by Alberta, for mining roads developments.

Used Same Flag

The Eiffel Tower in Paris is 50 years old. To celebrate the occasion, the flag that was hoisted at its summit 50 years ago was run up. It was hoisted by M. Francois Carnot, who 50 years ago performed the same ceremony at the inauguration.

The Dominion of Canada supplied about 50 per cent. of the asbestos imports of Belgium, which is its fourth best market for the product.

Means Huge Saving

Great Britain Finds Fast Time Is Invaluable To Country

Although time-pieces of a kind have been known for about 2,000 years, the first being the sundial and the second the "clepsydra," a device like an egg-boiler through which water dripped, clocks did not come into general use until around the year 1700. But as man governed his hours by daylight and darkness there were world-wide variations of time, and even in the enlightened British Isles there was much difference and confusion less than a century ago, there beig no standard times, cities establishing their own times and only the railways operating on Greenwich time. The real inventor of regular times was the Scottish-born Canadian, Sir Sanford Fleming, chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who propounded his scheme in 1878. It was not until an international conference in 1884 that his ideas were universally adopted, and on this side of the Atlantic five time zones were established and in Europe there are three—Greenwich, mid-European and East-European.

Daylight Saving was the invention of William Willett, London builder, who enjoyed a morning ride in the woods near his home in Kent, and regretted that so many people should be asleep when the sun was shining so beautifully, and retired indoors in the evening because of early darkness. He promoted his plan in 1908, but did not live to see it accepted, and it was not until the World War, when the need arose for conserving coal resources, that the British Government made it compulsory. Inauguration took place on May 21 1916.

The idea is permanent there now, and it is estimated that the saving to the country during each session it is in operation amounts to $15,000,000. To that must be added incalculable benefits in outdoors exercise and health.

Total Sum Is Large

Federal Government Has Paid $345,861,770 For Relief In Nine Years

Federal relief distribution since the first relief act was passed in 1930 until last March 31 totalled $345,861,770, exclusive of loans to the provinces, it was shown in a report tabled in the House of Commons from the Dominion commissioner of unemployment relief, Harry Hereford.

Included in the total are many sums spent by Federal departments, but the larger share is made up of grants to the provinces.

Grants to the provinces of unemployment relief from 1930 to last March 31, were: Prince Edward Island, $1,261,116; Nova Scotia, $7,553,963; New Brunswick, $5,221,544; Quebec, $56,837,334; Ontario, $91,212,025; Manitoba, $24,134,629; Saskatchewan, $52,791,144; Alberta, $16,684,811; British Columbia, $24,268,668.

Appropriations to the Department of Agriculture under the various relief acts have totalled $28,026,087 since 1930, more than $21,000,000 being spent in 1937 when drought conditions in the West were acute.

A source of poultry food is derived from the flesh of sharks.

Enjoy
THESE NEW FEATURES

of the famous Scottish liners
"ATHENIA" and "LETITIA"
to England, Ireland and Scotland

Following the policy of keeping "abreast of the times", the Donaldson Atlantic Line have thoroughly reconditioned and improved the accommodation in all three classes of these vessels.

The new features include:—

- Hot and cold running water in all Cabin and Tourist staterooms, and in most Third Class cabins.
- Beds instead of berths.
- Controlled ventilation throughout.
- Enlarged and rebuilt cabin staterooms in "Athenia".
- New rooms with private bath on the "Athenia" following similar improvements made in the "Letitia".

NOTE THESE LOW RATES
Cabin from $132.00; Tourist $118.00; Third $91.00

Weekly sailings from Montreal to Belfast, Liverpool and Glasgow in conjunction with the Cunard White Star liners "Andania" and "Antonia".

Letitia CABIN TOURIST THIRD Athenia
DONALDSON
Atlantic Line
420 Main Street—(94-206 and 207)
Winnipeg
but the man to see is your local Travel Agent. AL-1

Crew Will Number Seven

On the Trans-Atlantic Clipper there will be a crew of seven not counting the stewards: A captain, first officer pilot, second officer pilot, third officer pilot-navigator, engineer officer, radio officer and a junior flight officer.

There are 74,000,000 acres of cultivated land in Canada, 55,700,000 acres of which are in the Prairie Provinces. Range and unimproved pasture land in Canada comprises 40,000,000 acres, 33,000,000 acres being in the Prairie Provinces.

Germany is reported to be buying horses for its cavalry, having found mechanized transport unsatisfactory.

First lit in 1808, a peat fire has been burning constantly in a wayside inn on Dartmoor, England.

Rescue Awards

Parchment Certificates Issued For Rescuing People From Drowning

Awards of parchment certificates for rescuing persons from drowning to two persons in Manitoba are announced by the Royal Canadian Humane Association. The awards go to Annie Margaret Elviss, Swan River, who saved Richard W. Zinger from drowning at Swan River, Aug. 10, 1938, and Joseph H. Hall, Selkirk, for the rescue of Rosie Rifkin, whose life was in danger in the Red river at Selkirk, July 16, 1938.

Allison Clifford Fawcett, of Rainy River, Ont., also got an award for the rescue of Clifford van Norman from drowning at Rainy River, Oct. 2.

There is no fun in being the granary of the world if the other countries will not buy our wheat.

PARA-SANI

HEAVY WAXED PAPER

MADE IN CANADA
Heavy WAXED PAPER
Applefords Para-Sani
Heavy WAXED PAPER

DO YOU LIKE GOOD FOOD?
Protect the Flavour
by wrapping with Para-Sani
HEAVY WAXED PAPER
Order Para-Sani to-day from your neighborhood merchant
Appleford PAPER PRODUCTS LIMITED MONTREAL

APPLEFORD PAPER PRODUCTS LTD.
WAREHOUSES AT
WINNIPEG - REGINA - SASKATOON - CALGARY - EDMONTON

For Eczema - - Skin Troubles

Make up your mind today that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well. Go to any good drug store and get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil—it lasts many days because it is highly concentrated.

The very first application will give you relief — the itching of Eczema is instantly stopped—eruptions dry up and scale off in a very few days. The same is true of Itching Toes and Feet, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum and other skin troubles.

Remember that Moone's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful, penetrating Antiseptic Oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue. Complete satisfaction or money back.

WORLD HAPPENINGS BRIEFLY TOLD

Four hundred Arabs have voluntarily listed themselves as ready to defend the British Empire in the event of war in the Mediterranean.

The Scottish Development Council announced it would send exhibits this year to the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto.

A French military court sentenced a 24-year-old Frenchman and a German-born widow to 20 years imprisonment as spies for Germany.

The King and Queen have granted Ontario's request that a new "super highway" between Toronto and Fort Erie be named "Queen Elizabeth's Way".

Bills aimed at giving greater protection to workers in the mining industry provided the chief business this year of the Yukon territorial council.

A very thorough rescuer is Frank Duggan of Guelph, Ont. After pulling Margaret Proctor out of the Speed river, he plunged back again to bring her roller skates.

A cave deep underground will house historic film records belonging to the British national film library in event of war, it was disclosed. The library's films go back to the Boer war.

At Washington, Cordell Hull, secretary of state, asked a convention of military physicians from all over the world to join him "in an appeal to all peoples to do their utmost in bringing about the day when the horrors of war will disappear."

Lord and Lady Runciman, en route to England from Australia, entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Runciman and their two children, at Banff, Alta. W. K. Runciman, a rancher near Pekisko, is a cousin of Lord Runciman.

Time In Air Limited

Pilots In England Only Permitted 125 Hours Each Month

The following article by Viscount Forbes appeared in the London Sunday Express:

To pilot a plane across the Atlantic is a great strain. This is due partly to the fact that an airplane is flying in an unnatural element.

If the engines of a ship fail it will still float.

If the engine of a car breaks down it remains stationary.

In an airplane you cannot stop, not even to think. The failure of all your power plants, though unlikely, means disaster.

In England air-line pilots are only permitted to fly 125 hours per month. Pilots who do more than this are apt to become tired and depressed. Flying in much bad weather makes many a pilot surly and bad-tempered, and gives him a detached feeling from his fellows.

Even stewards are affected by long hours in the air. An air line in England tried to work their stewards eight hours a day and in a few months they were all on the verge of collapse.

I suppose that the captains of Trans-Atlantic planes will receive a large salary. A captain in an Imperial Airways flying boat receives about £1,500 a year.

Best Of All Exercises

Nothing As Beneficial As Brisk Walk States Professor

Bounding out of bed at 6 a.m. and going through the daily dozen is not the secret of a healthy constitution, according to Dr. Donald Matthews, biology professor at Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.

"A brisk walk in the open air is worth 20 gymnasium workouts," Dr. Matthews believes, while strenuous daily exercise "probably does more to break down the body than build it up."

Regardless of age or sex, walking is the best of all exercises, the biology professor says.

The commercial production of onions in Canada occurs principally in Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia.

When you tell the truth, you don't have to remember what you said.

Atlantic Fisheries

Average Yearly Income Of Fishermen Said To Be $190

Drastic decline in Canada's salt fish export trade was responsible for the government's decision to set up a salt fish marketing board, said Hon. J. E. Michaud, fisheries minister.

At one time production of salt fish from the Atlantic coast ranged between 50,000,000 and 70,000,000 pounds a year, nearly all of which was exported, Mr. Michaud said.

That was before the war and since the war a decline had set in. Last year production was at the low level of 19,000,000 pounds.

In 1927 and 1928 the price of dry salt fish was $6.50 for 112 pounds, and last year the price was $3.35, less than the cost of production. Some 20,000 people were dependent on the trade.

The fishermen averaged $190 a year from their only possible occupation. In the last 10 years the industry had been investigated by provincial authorities and social agencies, which had almost unanimously held that some help was necessary if the industry was to continue.

Has Had Enough

Native Of India Finds Living Near Jungle Nerve-Racking

While an Indian named Valentine was going home in the cool of the evening on the outskirts of Batu Pahat—a township in the State of Johore about 75 miles from Singapore—he heard a soft padding behind him and looking round he discovered that a full-grown tiger was following him.

Valentine took to his heels with the tiger loping after him. He managed to outstrip the beast, which eventually turned back into the tangled jungle skirting the road and disappeared.

Valentine reached his home considerably shaken by his experience and decided to lie down for a time—only to discover a snake curled up in the middle of his bed! He is reported to be looking for a new home where his peace is less likely to be disturbed by the local fauna.

Gardening

Spread Out Sowings

Experts not only caution against too early sowing of vegetables, but they also advise not to stop too soon. There is no reason why plantings cannot be continued in most parts of Canada right through until July. This will spread the harvesting season over an equally long period with vegetables always fresh just coming to maturity.

Beginners are advised to divide their seed into at least three parts, sowing a third as soon as weather permits, a third a little later, and the balance at the very tail-end of the planting season. In this way if frost does cut down the first batch there will be more seedling coming on.

A Green Or Brown Window Box

Such a box overflowing with gaily blooming flowers is within the range of almost every person. Lack of ground space does not matter. Even the lofty apartment dweller is able to satisfy a gardening ambition. Success is easily obtained provided two or three points are kept in mind. This sort of gardening is highly intensive with many more plants to the square foot than would be grown under ordinary conditions. This means that very rich soil should be used and, in addition, a fairly frequent application of chemical fertilizer during the season. Being exposed on all sides to drying winds, a thorough watering once a day of the window box is advised.

In Using Fertilizer

Care should be taken in the use of any commercial fertilizer that it does not actually touch roots or foliage. In the dry state it is liable to burn. Authorities usually play safe and dissolve the fertilizer in water before applying.

British Warships Speedy

Two New Vessels Are Faster Than Rodney Or Nelson

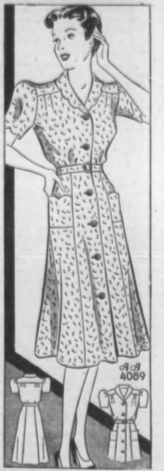
The British admiralty has disclosed the battleship, the Prince of Wales, like her sistership, the King George V., will be appreciably faster than the older 35,000-ton battleships Rodney and Nelson. The King George V., launched Feb. 21, is expected to attain a speed of 30 knots against the Nelson's 23 knots. The Prince of Wales was launched by the Princess Royal. This newest ship will also have the same armament and protective devices as the $40,000,000 King George V., including ten 14-inch guns, firing a new shell 20 miles that will smash through ordinary armor plating and continue another mile.

Gregory I., who was a follower of Benedict and was made pope in 590, was the first monk to take the papal office.

A German scientist claims to have exploded atoms, producing a force 30 times as powerful as radium.

SHIRTFROCK AIDS SLIMNESS

By Anne Adams



Into the world of spring fashion comes this "look slimmer" design . . . the newest, easiest-to-make and most gracious of button-front dresses! Scalloping on collar, sleeves and pockets snaps up its smartness to a new peak of charm . . . and rounding off these pretty petal-like curves is simple as A, B, C (as you'll find out from the Sewing Instructor of Pattern 4089). In a geometric silk or rayon, this neat yoke-style creation is right for every casual daytime event. In a light-color cotton, it changes its character to be the ideal kichen-and-porch frock . . . cool and nifty too for cottage wear in blistering weather. Do without the scallops if you prefer a plainer dress.

Pattern 4089 is available in misses' and women's sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 takes 4⅝ yards 35 inch.

Send twenty cents (20c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly Size, Name, Address and Style Number and send order to the Anne Adams Pattern Dept., Winnipeg Newspaper Union, 175 McDermot Ave. E., Winnipeg.

Britain Will Be Ready

New York Paper Believes Nation Ready For Any Eventualities

The fact the British building at the New York World's Fair was ready for the opening, while the pavilions of most other participating nations were behind schedule, caused the New York Times to comment that "whatever the occasion, when the time comes, England will be ready".

"Great Britain to-day may seem leisurely, unhurried, confused and long-suffering under gibes and provocations," the editorial said. "But those who know her best feel sure that, whatever the occasion, when the time comes, England will be ready."

A piece of wood that has been weighted and lowered to a great depth in the sea will no longer float when brought back to the surface.

TIRED FEET
FIND INSTANT EASE WHEN YOU RUB IN
MINARD'S
GREAT CANADIAN RUBBING LINIMENT
MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT
109

Some Popular Beliefs

Have Been Thoroughly Debunked By Authorities At Ontario Museum

An ostrich doesn't bury its head in the sand, a snake has no hypnotic power, bats are not attracted to hair, and toads cannot cause warts. Salamanders are allergic to heat, there is no such thing as a "glass snake", a porcupine cannot throw its quills, a roadrunner doesn't imprison rattlesnakes with a fence of cactus and a horsehair rope won't keep reptiles out of your camp tent.

Pausing for breath here and there two eminent Toronto authorities on these subjects came out of a scientific huddle and made the foregoing debunking pronouncement. They were L. L. Snyder, assistant director of the Royal Ontario Museum of Zoology, and E. B. S. Logier, herpetologist.

The ostrich, for instance, said Mr. Snyder, actually lies down and stretches its neck along the ground to hide.

Some birds and animals "freeze" when in danger from a snake, said the herpetologist, but they do so to hide and avoid attention. On the other hand the creature may not be disturbed by the almost imperceptible movement of a snake until "its goose is cooked," he said.

Salamanders, lizard-like creatures supposed to breathe fire, actually die in air temperature of more than 70 degrees.

There is no such thing as a glass snake, parts of which are supposed to have the power to break up and reunite. Certain species, Mr. Logier said, can drop off their tails in emergencies, but reunion is impossible. The appendage grows to its normal length in time, he said.

Honored By Portugal

Government Conferred Its Highest Decoration On King George

The Portuguese Government conferred upon King George VI. the Cordon of the Grand Cross of the Three Orders, the highest Portuguese honor, reserved for chiefs of state.

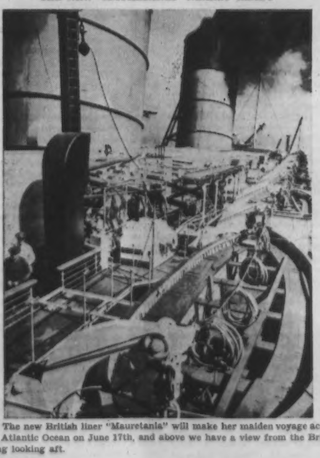
The honor was extended "in witness of the centuries-old friendship which unites Portugal and Great Britain, the sentiments of the Portuguese people toward the British people and their sovereigns and the solidarity of the old alliance existing between the two countries."

The name of the decoration, which is rarely conferred, derives from the fact that it includes three insignia—the Orders of Christ, Aviz and St. James the Sword.

Pet racoons in Chicago's Trailside Museum enjoy wrestling matches that sometimes last an hour.

Clouds hide the sun only about 12 per cent. of the time in Yuma, Ariz.

THE NEW "MAURETANIA" NEARLY READY



The new British liner "Mauretania" will make her maiden voyage across the Atlantic Ocean on June 17th, and above we have a view from the Bridge Wing looking aft.

Would Solve Mystery

Half-Submerged Wreck In Lake Huron Believed To Be Ship Lost In 1679

The weather-beaten wreckage of an old sailing vessel lying half-submerged in Mississago Straight in Lake Huron at the western end of the Manitoulin Island may solve a 260-year-old mystery—the fate of the good ship Griffon, which disappeared in September, 1679.

Sieur de Lasalle, French explorer who first followed the Mississippi from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, loaded the Griffon with furs in Green Bay, Lake Michigan, and sent it back to Niagara Falls. The vessel was lost, and many historians believe the bleaching skeleton near Mississago Straight lighthouse off Manitoulin might be that of the ill-fated exploration ship.

Roy F. Fleming, Ottawa historian and expert on Lasalle's explorations, has asked the Dominion government to raise the wreck this summer. The transport department has an appropriation of $25,000 in this year's estimates for raising wrecks and destroying derelicts.

The old wreck has already been examined by numerous historical experts and identity of the ship has been under dispute. Samples of its oaken timbers have been sent to the Anthropology Department of University of Chicago to determine whether the timbers might have come from the Niagara peninsula, where the Griffon was built. A bolt and nut were sent to the National Laboratories of the Department of Arts and Trades at Paris, and the French authorities reported they were made in France prior to the 18th century.

An anchor believed lying on the bottom of the Straight may have been the personal gift of Louis XIV. to Lasalle and will be sought when and if the Griffon is raised, in the belief it may bear identifying markings.

Antique Flowers

Hyacinth Bulb That Produced Flowers For 69 Years

On revisiting the garden of a house that he left in 1887, a gardener found in full flower a certain pink hyacinth that he had particular reason to remember. He knew to an inch the spot where it had flourished. By an odd chance his predecessors in the house had reason to remember that the hyacinth was established there when they took the house in 1870. It is known, therefore, that this pink hyacinth bulb, from which four flower-heads were cut recently, has been producing continuously for the past 69 years, and perhaps a good deal longer.

The scene of the most remarkable example of such survival in my own experience is a garden in the Isle of Wight. Up one wall of the castellated house grew a thick covering of ivy. When that was removed by a great ivy-hater there was found behind it and amongst it a Banksia rose whose existence had not been suspected.

Near the base was a leaden disc recording the date when the rose was planted, and the name of the little girl whose birthday it celebrated (she was a sister of Sir William Harcourt). At the date of the discovery of the rose it was over 60 years old, and when the competition of the ivy was removed flowered profusely for a good many years. The rose, like the pink hyacinth, was at least a septuagenarian. — London Spectator.

Old Custom Observed

Garrison Commander Presented Keys Of Portsmouth To King George

When the King and Queen left for Canada a custom last observed in 1842 was revived. The King received the keys of Portsmouth on the steps of the Guildhall from Brigadier W. Robb, commander of the garrison. Queen Victoria was the last sovereign to receive the keys. Their Majesties were met at Portsmouth station by Lord Mottistone, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, who as General Jack Seely commanded the Canadian cavalry in the Great War.

Mozart was born almost a quarter century after Haydn, yet he attained eminence and died before the latter reached his pinnacle in the musical world.

On the grounds that they were hotbeds of political intrigue, Charles II. of England once tried to suppress coffee houses.

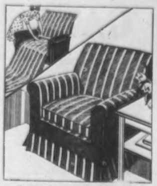
To preserve the color and texture of strawberry jams and jellies, they should be stored in a dark cool place.

The man who advertises not only means business, but does business.

Glass is composed of three-quarters sand. 2307

HOME SERVICE

STRIKING SLIP COVERS MADE IN SIMPLE STEPS



Smart to Combine Fabrics

Fresh as a spring day—this stunning slip cover style transforms your wintry-looking chair. And it costs little, for you easily make it yourself.

Smart to combine a striped fabric with a plain one. Pretty and long wearing is a closely woven cotton in a woodsy green striped in off-white—and it combines well with a plain fabric of the same shade of green. Use trim bound seams, a new-style straight flounce with a "kick pleat" at each corner.

To tailor the cover professionally, smooth the fabric down back and over seat, right side up for bound seams. Anchor with pins along top and sides. Between seat and back allow 4 inches for tuck-in. Cut along pins, leaving 1½ inches for seams.

In the same way pin and cut arms, sides and back—and for the arm fronts cut paper patterns.

Now for the basting, trying on and stitching. The smart flounce is the last step—and you make it easily from a straight piece.

Complete details of cutting, fitting and finishing slip covers are given in our 32-page booklet. Tells clearly with instructions and diagrams how to fit any type of chair or sofa. Gives helpful advice on color schemes, trimmings, fabrics.

Send 15c in coins for your copy of "How To Make Slip Covers" to Home Service Dept., Winnipeg Newspaper Union, 175 McDermot Ave. E., Winnipeg.

The following booklets are also available at 15c in coins each:

172—"Effective Phrases For All Occasions".
162—"Public Speaking Self-Taught".
129—"The Meaning of Dreams".
116—"How to Choose and Care for Your Dog".
114—"Good Letter-Writing Made Easy".

Gorillas Are Dangerous

Zoo Keeper Has Wholesome Respect For Their Prowess

Take it from one who should know and don't pick a fight with a gorilla. John Millen, director of Detroit's zoo, has come out with complete disagreement to former Heavyweight Champion Gene Tunney's suggestion that a good fighter could whip a monster ape.

"No guy who ever lived could stand up to a full-grown gorilla or even a half-grown one, or further—a half-pint gorilla," Millen said. "A gorilla has more than two hands, arms and fists. He has four. What chance would any champ have fighting an animal that could throw a pair of left hooks and two right crosses at him with a one-two tempo?

"Put six Jack Dempseys, three Tunneys and four Galentos into an enclosure and turn 'em loose and your gorilla would reduce all 13 of them to hamburger in less than a round."

Not Proud Of Her Age

Granny Ellen Fletcher, the second oldest woman in Britain, is not proud of the fact. When she had her 106th birthday there was no celebrating and no cake. She usually hides under the clothes when visitors pass her bed at the homes for old people at Queen's Road, Croydon.

The largest brass cannon ever cast in the world was made in India in 1548, and weighed 80 tons. How it was transported in those days still is a mystery.

Health LEAGUE of CANADA presents TOPICS of VITAL INTEREST

by DR. J. W. S. McCULLOUGH

Editorial Note: Readers desiring the complete set of Dr. McCullough's cancer articles at once may secure same by writing to—The Health League of Canada, 105 Bond St., Toronto, Ont.

STRAIT GATE

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued

Lynn Dana had written Sally Ann the night before: "As to your question—I don't know. Our queer dark one, beyond all possibility of a doubt, quite literally worships the air he flies in. As for the lad—he approves her utterly for her courage and cleverness, but he's flint-hard and bat-blind. If her heart's on her sleeve, he doesn't see it, and she has a nice young dignity and reticence."

Something did not quite suit Gunnar in Hermod's rhythm as they flew up the valley, and they came down at Oakland before crossing the bay. It needed only a minor adjustment, but would take a little time.

"Tea, while we wait," the ace said. He hailed a taxi and put her in it, and they drove a couple of blocks. "Here! This will do!"

It was a shabby little eating-house with a menu written in chalk on a blackboard at the door.

"Wait!" Gunnar directed the taxi-driver.

"Sure," he said amiably. "Comin' in myself. 'Lo, Lena!" he greeted a big-busted woman with dyed hair. "How's tricks?" He sat down in the last seat before the counter which brought him close to the tiny kitchen from which issued heat and smells.

The fliers sat near the door. "Tea and bread, honey," he ordered briefly.

The woman slammed down their plates and cups and Gunnar was buttering a thick slice of bread.

Their taxi-driver had risen and slouched into the back room, and now a little man in an enveloping apron came out. He had scared eyes and an unimportant chin, and he was staring at them. He spoke over his shoulder. "Honest? You ain't stringin' me, Nick?"

The woman said something to him and he popped out of sight like a gopher into its hole, and the taxi-driver came back, grinning.

It was the usual thing to be recognized. Almost everywhere they went someone knew Gunnar Thorwald at once, and then there would be nudges and whispers.

Other customers came in. The woman served them truculently. Her husband came edging out of the kitchen again to stare at Gunnar and Sarah Lynn. He had a droll little pot-bellied figure and pipe-stem legs, and he stood nervously rubbing his hands over his dirty apron.

"I just gott ast you," he began in a hissing whisper. "Nick, he's a great one to kid you along. On the level, are you Gunnar Thorwald and—and that girl?"

They were, they told him, Sarah Lynn gently, the Norwegian ace with a sudden friendliness which surprised her.

The wife wheeled about, snarling. "You get back where you belong!" She took an order. "Stack a' wheats!" "Ham and!"

Without a word he scuttled back into his unsavory domain.

Gunnar finished his bread and honey and drank off his tea. His eyes were narrowed to a gleaming blue slit. Then he stood up and walked back through the stuffy room, past the hunched figures feeding at the counter, and stuck his head into the steam and stench.

"So it interests you—flying."

"Interests—say, boy! I read every scrap I can lay hands on, and I see every movie that's got flying in it, and when I stand here, hashin' and hear 'em go by in the sky—" he stopped, gulping, his Adam's apple moving convulsively in his stringy throat.

The wife came back with a pile of soiled plates and pushed rudely past the flier. "Pop, you tend to business! Tea-bone and country fry!"

The Norwegian looked through and beyond her. "Yourself would wish to fly."

The little man put down a long pronged fork and clasped small pudgy hands with broken and black-rimmed nails. "Just once—before I die—I wouldn't ast nothin' more. I wouldn't—"

"Come, then!"

It was all done in a flash. The aviator's arm which seemed to lift him bodily out of his fetid trench and propel him through the tiny restaurant and into the taxi, the driver, wiping his mouth, grinning, running after, jumping into his seat, Sarah Lynn, delighted, aghast, following Gunnar, the staring customers, the woman emitting shrill staccato cries—

"Pop! Pop! You come back here! You crazy? Want to break your fool neck? Pop!" She began to whimper and storm. "You let loose a' him, Mister! I'll call a cop! You can't kidnap—"

They were rattling down the street, the little man wedged in between them, the unhealthy pallor of his face suffused with scarlet excitement.

Sarah Lynn drew Gunnar aside while the Hermod was being wheeled to the line. "It's a gorgeous thing to do—and I adore it! Look at him—almost expiring with bliss! But, Gunnar, he looks so sick—he has such a wretched color, and see how he breathes. I mean—suppose he has a weak heart?" She put an anxious hand on his arm.

He looked down at her, his gaze at once stern and gay, reckless and reasonable. "Thinking still with fear of death? You have not listened, then, while I told you? Life is one adventure; death is another! To be alive—that is nothing, unless life is good. Is he living in that foul hole? Better death in clean air! We go!"

CHAPTER IX.

The Gate was richly golden, bathed and burnished in a strong metallic radiance, and the sun was sinking into the western sea in a molten blaze of unbelievable glory.

Pop perched on the edge of his seat, looking off, looking down. His unpleasant pallor was enhanced and there was a pinched look about his nose and mouth. He was breathing badly, but his eyes were enraptured. He caught her scrutiny upon him and smiled at her, drawing a long, quivering breath, tipping his head back, relaxing like a swimmer about to float on a gentle sea.

The Hermod swooped and swirled like a gull, dipped and rose again. Sarah Lynn pulled herself to attention. This proud dominion over the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea was not a bird-like inconsequence but a business of infinite important detail, of levers and gears and hair-trigger precision. The sea-gulls, white dots against green-blue, far below them now, flew because they couldn't help it, but men flew because they had conquered.

The taxi-driver was waiting for them. "Hi, Pop," he said, "you better beat it! Lena, she's fit to be tied!"

The little man tried to thank Gunnar but he made only a series of embarrassed gurgles.

The flier gave him a comradely clap on the shoulder. "It is good! Now you remember always?"

Sarah Lynn escorted him back to the restaurant.

Driving back to Danavale she said again, "I want to come down in a parachute, Gunnar."

"Yes. After you have soloed for a month. Then I will take you."

"Take me?"

"You shall do it from the Hermod. I will remove the door, for your Department of Commerce, Conrad Jordan has told me, makes you wear two chutes when it is the jump of intention."

"Oh? In case one doesn't work? And it would be too bulky to get out through the door? But after I'm once out, it's perfectly simple, isn't it, Gunnar? Just to wait long enough to be clear of the ship before I pull the string?"

"That is all," he agreed. His mouth looked rather grim.

"Gunnar, did you mind when you did it?"

"On the ground, before, I had fear like a great sickness. In the air it left me."

Le Roy suggested her first flight alone in secret but she decided against it. It was due Great-granny and Uncle Lynn and old Penny if they wanted to come, and at the last instant she whispered to her young brother Bill. Bill's freckles, standing out like brown polka-dots on his paled face were the last things she thought about as she walked over to the plane.

She slipped round to the further side, unobserved, and laid her face against the Chinese lacquer red. "Don't be jittery, darling!" she whispered. "I won't even nick your nail-polish. I promise! I'll take you up like a swallow and bring you down like a leaf."

She got into the cockpit and went through the routine she had rehearsed again and again. It had become an integral part of her mental process.

The assistant sprang aside from the propeller.

"Clear!"

Clear, oh, clear! Forever and forever, life for the queer dark Dana girl, shining and clear.

Sarah Lynn pushed her throttle to the stop and Ladybug went forward with a roar, left the ground and began to climb into the wind. Sarah Lynn reached the altitude she wanted, readjusted her stabilizer to take the load off the joy stick, leveled off, banked to the left, building her own road as she flew. She exulted. "No matter what comes to me, if I live to be a hundred, I can never be as happy as this instant!"

The little ship quivered under her hands, sprang forward at her touch, dipped, soared. It was a living thing, vibrant, sensitive; delicate and dear; helpless in her care, depending upon her courage and skill.

"I'll take care of you!" Sarah Lynn pledged her plane.

Ladybug, Ladybug, fly away home!

Mary Dana Webster went to drink tea with Lynn Dana, an anxious pucker between her eyes.

"Ardine is perfectly poisonous about Sarah Lynn."

He shrugged. "Is it important?"

"Probably not, but it disturbs me. She's such an exceptionally good hater."

"Doubtless. What's the basis of it?"

"Partly disgust at having the ugly duckling turn into a skylark, and at yielding first place as Danavale's centre of shocked interest, but chiefly on account of Jim Allison. She has worked it out in her nasty little mind that Sarah Lynn, by being the victim of her joke on Gunnar Thorwald, is responsible for his complete and final defection."

"And that goes deep?"

"Apparently. In her predatory fashion," his young kinswoman said, "she cares enormously. Did you know he'd been grounded? Yes. Drinking. Nice lad, to begin with, and what a mess she's made of his life!"

Lynn Dana nodded. "Of every life she really touches. Poor old Keaton!"

"I don't think he's ever come fully out from the ether," his cousin scorned him.

"But as to Sarah Lynn, I don't see, Mary—After all, the only two things in the world which matter to her are flying and Gunnar Thorwald. Ardine could no more ensnare him than she could take an ax to the plane, much as she would enjoy both activities. I really don't see what she can do."

"Well, I don't either, Uncle Lynn." Her plain and pleasant face lifted a little. "But just the same, she sort of worries me."

The parachute jump now held the limelight in Sarah Lynn's thoughts. She read and studied and asked questions and listened eagerly to Conrad Jordan and the ace, and Lynn Dana sat in his wheeled-chair and approved.

"Won't it be pretty bulky with two chutes, one in front and one behind?" she wanted to know.

"I have said I will remove the door," Gunnar reminded her.

"Then you can dive out, forward, and that's much handier than backing out," Conrad Jordan said, lighting a cigarette. "Then you'd have to push your way, with your back against the door, against the air-pressure."

Lynn Dana's amused gaze, slightly grim, went from one calm speaker to the other. "If you don't mind, Sarah Lynn, I'd rather like you to take whatever precautions suggest themselves."

"Of course, Uncle Lynn! I want to be sensible."

Sensible: the small, slight thing with her clear olive-and-ivory face and its crowding eyes, her fine, thin hands relaxed in her lap, planning this dazzling danger as casually as her cousins made dates to go dancing.

"The mental reactions are very different," her uncle's flying friend said, "in a premeditated jump and baling out in an emergency, to save your life. All the breaks are with you now. You're going at the thing scientifically, you have no fear and no nerves, and I prophesy it's going to be a tremendous satisfaction to you, at the moment and in your memories. But I want to tell you frankly that you'll have some bad minutes before you go up." He leaned forward to knock off an ash. "Never knew it to fail. The most hardened jumpers experience it, though I dare say in most cases it's purely physical and subconscious. I know a young chap at an airport who does exhibition jumps, but always before he goes up he turns deathly pale and his face and hands twitch. And the minute he climbs into the ship he's fine."

"Like a soldier in the trenches waiting the command to go over the top," Lynn Dana contributed. "Or, I remember before a big game, the agony of waiting, of wishing you had elected to play tiddley-winks instead of football, and the departure of all doldrums when the whistle blew."

"Exactly. Tremendous relief in definite action: setting the body into directional motion toward a determined objective. Physical action replaces mental; fear evaporates. My conviction is that with a normal mind danger brings a calm and alertness and a cleverness far beyond ordinary experience."

"That I also believe," the Norwegian ace said.

Jordan went on. "There's the case of an English army officer, years ago. His chute caught in the ship and tore, leaving only the harness on him. He didn't know it, and the motion-pictures showed him calmly feeling round the harness and rip-cord, trying to figure why his umbrella didn't open, almost the whole way to the earth."

"Cheery anecdote," Lynn Dana said a trifle tartly.

"That was an old-fashioned affair, Lynn. Sarah Lynn'll have two modern, absolutely reliable chutes."

"Fool-proof?" she grinned at him.

"Fool-proof, which is superfluous in your case," he grinned back, approving her warmly. Lynn Dana's study pulsed with approval, with affection for her. Her uncle's life-long devotion, the cordial friendship of his friend, the cool comradeship of the flying boy from Norway. What more, besides a Gipsy Moth, did a girl need for happiness?

Fliers did not marry?

"I have wondered if I'd really remember to pull the string," she said, "but I was reading Lieutenant Cramer's account of his first experience. An old-timer told him he couldn't kep his finger away from that ring if he tried!"

Jordan nodded. "Your only difficulty will be to wait until you are entirely clear of the ship." He faced Lynn Dana. "She'll have two chutes fastened to the webbed harness about her body. The main one has a 28-foot spread and the second a 24. That's on her chest."

"Made of silk."

"Light, but entirely substantial. Both had pull-rings and rip-cords to unlace and throw up the parachutes, and the rings are handily placed. You'll have everything clear in your mind a hundred times over, Sarah Lynn. The thing you must be prepared for is the scream and the flapping of the silk and the report, like a gun, and the violent jerk when your parasol opens. After that"—he ground out his cigarette—"it's really delightful."

"But—I was reading yesterday—when I'm almost down, within a hundred feet of the ground—"

"Then you must reach up and hang onto the big rings above the sling in which you're sitting, and lift yourself, and take some of the bump out of your earth contact."

Sarah Lynn nodded gravely. "Uncle Lynn, what about Great-granny? Shall we tell her, and let her come out to the meadow and watch?"

He shook his head. "I'm against it, Sarah Lynn. She hasn't been up to the mark, lately, and it would be bound to be a strain—not understanding, as we do, the simplicity and safety of the thing. I believe you'd better tell her about it afterward."

"I expect you're right. But she'll be furious at us. I must go home, now, Uncle Lynn." She stood up, and Jordan and Gunnar rose.

"We must be on our way, too," the older man said.

"Yes. But I walk first with Sarah Lynn to her house," Gunnar answered.

They stepped briskly in the summer dusk, Lightning bounding ahead and racing back to touch her mistress' hand with her sharp cool muzzle.

"So, now you fly, and you make the great jump," the youth said soberly. "That is good. The courage you have; the skill you swiftly learn. I think my grandmother, living today, would be also like that."

Sarah Lynn fought back crazy laughter. Of all the round-about, detached and diluted compliments! His grandmother, a girl in her period, would be like her.

"I return, next month, to Norway. I have there the fine offers, one from the government, one from a great flying firm. It is wise that I go."

She heard herself making a faint sound.

"But I like well America, California. I will come again one day. And you, also, should visit my country."

"Oh, yes, indeed! Cousin Sally Ann has told me how glorious it is," she said clearly and cheerily, and told him good-by and ran in the house.

Well, what of it? Why not? Was there any reason why he should linger forever in an alien land?

Fliers did not marry.

But fliers occasionally, it appeared, fell in love, achingly, absorbingly, terribly in love. She faced it then. "Idiot! You've known it for weeks—months—always! What's the use of lying to yourself. You may as well admit it; he'll never know."

The nonagenarian was beside Lynn Dana when he was driving out to the field for the parachute jump. She had guessed or divined what was to happen. "Can't fool your Gre'gammer!" She sat on the edge of the seat, the dabs of color which excitement always brought on her cheekbones, her sunken eyes gleaming.

"I never saw the beat of that young one," she said complacently. "But you keep that ambulance out of sight, Lynn Dana, or I'll box your ears till you see stars, old as you are. Plumb foolishness, anyway. Sairy Lynn'll come down just as if she was playing on a featherbed."

"Am I running true to form?" Sarah Lynn asked Conrad Jordan as they fastened her harness about her.

"No; a bit too calm and not pale enough, I should say," he told her cheerfully. Then he looked at Gunnar and away again, grinning, without comment. It was the hardy Norseman who was showing the regulation jumper's symptoms.

His ice-blue eyes blazed in a face of sudden snow; his young mouth was set in a taut line. "Come!" he called harshly.

All Sarah Lynn's slimness was overlaid with her equipment. "I feel like Tweedledum and Tweedledee both!" she laughed. She was comfortably casual in her brief good-bys, making no ceremony of farewell.

The Hermod, looking oddly crippled with its missing door, took off into a brisk wind. The flier did not look at his passenger nor speak.

"I wonder what makes him so deathly white?" she asked herself. "Just a detached interest in all branches of aerial conquest?" She felt suddenly gay. All her instructions were etched on her memory; she was past the traditionally bad moment of leaving the ground; she knew exactly what to do to get clear of the ship, and after that, she had been assured, the adventure would take on elements of distinct pleasure.

They climbed to a thousand feet, two thousand. The meadow fell away beneath them; human beings took on the value of playthings—puppet people with toy automobiles. There was likewise a toy ambulance.

At three thousand feet Gunnar nodded. "Ready? Now you go!" he shouted hoarsely.

Sarah Lynn stood up and made her bulky way toward the opening. She thought he was the palest living person she had ever seen.

"Fling yourself far from the ship. Make sure you are clear. Count a slow ten before you pull the cord!" His words came jerkily. "Wait! You are sure? You wish to go? There is no need, if you—"

Suddenly Sarah Lynn laughed aloud, filled with a wild mirth which was heady and sweet. "Still the fear of death?" she mocked him. "Life is one adventure; death is another!" She was confident, shining-eyed, radiant, but as she made a forward movement his arm shot out and caught her, pulling her against him.

"Sarah Lynn—" he said her name queerly in a choked voice, and kissed her, a fierce kiss, deep and desperate.

Then she was leaping out into swift and stinging air and was amazed to find that she did not immediately fall. The speed of the Hermod was carrying her along beneath it, faced downward, with her arms and legs spread out like a star-fish. There was the strange sensation of travelling across the air rather than through it.

"He kissed me!" she exulted. "Gunnar kissed me!"

She began to fall, her body twisting and turning. Now she was looking up at the plane, now down at the earth which was coming swiftly, perilously closer.

"There's something I must do, now!" she thought anxiously. "Oh, yes!—The cord! But where is that ring?"

Her fingers fumbled for it. It seemed to be lost in the webbing. Why hadn't she kept her hand on it all the time? She turned over again and saw the Hermod still above her but further away, somersaulted and saw the earth rushing up to meet her. Why hadn't Gunnar taken her higher than three thousand feet?

Sarah Lynn thought, suddenly of her mother. She had a poignant picture of Adelaide Dana's upstairs sitting-room, pretty and peaceful, with potted plants whose every leaf glistened, and a canary warbling tenderly in an expensive cage, and quantities of framed photographs of her big brothers and herself and young Bill in all stages of infancy and childhood.

She found the ring and gave a desperate jerk.

Now! She knew exactly what would happen. The rip-cord would release the pack and the spring-rips of the little pilot chute would open instantly, catching the air and dragging the main chute out into a long line and the wind would rush in at the bottom and expand it. It simply couldn't fail: Gunnar and Conrad and Vance Le Roy had checked it thoroughly. "And even if it doesn't work," she told herself sensibly, "there is the emergency chute! I'm not rattled," she rejoiced. "And Gunnar kissed me! He was white as a sheet and scared to death about me, and he kissed me! And it was the kind of kiss—"

There was a weird noise which was something between a whistle and a shriek: something was fluttering overhead, and then snapping, loudly, urgently.

"It's opening!"

Then a gun went off somewhere, a shocking, thunderous boom, and her downward progress was halted so abruptly that she thought her arms and shoulders were being torn loose from her body. There were uncounted instants of confusion and terror, and then peace enveloped her.

Her chute opened and was functioning perfectly. She was floating gently, and everything was quiet about her, a sweet, celestial quietness which was soothing and comforting.

She could see the ambulance moving slowly to keep in line with her. She had lost the Hermod for the moment, but surely Gunnar would land as quickly as possible and come to her. That kiss, she felt, was not final: it must be a prelude. Even if it had been given in high excitement, it stood for an emotion which wasn't to be disposed of with this adventure. Fliers did not marry. Oh, didn't they? Then what?

There was a confused clamor of voices, cheerful, exultant.

"Good girl!" Conrad Jordan said, lifting her to her feet. "Perfect performance!"

"Atta girl!" Vance Le Roy was unfastening her harness, warmed for once into enthusiasm.

"Where is Gunnar?" Sarah Lynn demanded.

Old Pete from the airport was swearnig softly and happily, paying her high praise with picturesque embellishmnts.

"Hold still—" Conrad Jordan had taken out his handkerchief and was wiping her face, and there was bright blood on the white linen.

"What's that from? she asked impatiently. "I'm not hurt."

"Of course you're not, just a scratch or two when you were dragged."

"Where's Gunnar?"

"He'll be here just as quick as he can set the ship down," her uncle's friend said. "Now we'll just get aboard and let them run us back to Lynn and the old lady—" He was steering her toward the ambulance.

"I'm not hurt. I'm not going to ride in that thing!" she told him spiritedly. "Where will he come down?"

"Quickest way to get there," he said, taking her arm in a firm grip. "We'll all pile in. Half a mile away!" He lifted her and set her inside and a white-suited orderly grinned and congratulated her.

"I want Gunnar," Sarah Lynn said.

"He'll be here in a jiffy. Lynn and your Granny need to see you before they're convinced you're safe, though we signaled them. Well, did it all come off according to schedule? Did it follow the pattern?"

"Oh, perfectly! It was heavenly after the chute opened," she answered, stooping to look out of the ambulance. "I don't see the Hermod."

"But you can hear him? Right over us," Vance Le Roy said.

The matriarch and the cripple and the old governess greeted her in character. The ancient woman saw in her the reincarnation of her own dim, daring youth, choosing, as she had done, the brightest adventure of her period, and the paralytic sublimated his own helplessness in her courage and skill.

"I told 'em it was all plumb foolishness, tagging you round with that hospital wagon, Sairy Lynn," her great-grandmother said. "I said you'd come down like a leaf off a tree. Us Danas we most generally do what we set our minds to! Leastways, us dark ones."

Lynn Dana smiled into her eyes. "I'm glad for you," he told her, "glad and proud. You've given me my best moment, Sarah Lynn."

Miss Pennington's high color was faded but her diction was as crisp as always. "Let me tidy your hair a bit, she bustled up to her. "I should have thought to have you wear a close net."

The girl slipped out from under her hands. The Hermod was down and Gunnar Thorwald was out and running toward her. She went to meet him.

"I'll know as soon as I see his face," she told herself. "I'll know the first second—"

Gunnar was still white, but she saw at first glance that he was angry, and her heart turned over in terror. There was in his pale face a look of fright and of fury. She did not know what it meant.

(To Be Continued)

Former Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, now 80 years old, attributes his long life to sawing wood. And a good fast auto ride out of Berlin some 20 years ago. 230

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Plight Of Railways

Bus And Truck Competition Contributing To Deficits

The Wall Street Journal looks at the Canadian National Railways' deficit for 1938, implies rather gleefully that it must have had something to do with public ownership.

What about United States railways—under private ownership?

United States railways enjoy higher freight rates than Canadian railways, operate with a greater density of traffic. Yet at the present time 30 per cent. of American rail mileage is in receivership, and in 1938 class one railways suffered a net deficit of $125,000,000, which was close to the all-time low set in 1932.

The answer, of course, is that the plight of railways, whether in Canada or in the United States, has nothing to do with either public ownership or private ownership. It is the product in the first place of the depression; the product in the second place of revolutionary changes in methods of transportation. Freight is still being moved; but much of it is being moved by other carriers.

Nor have efforts of the railways (in the United States at all events) to meet competition been overly successful. They have produced air-conditioned passenger coaches, ultra-modern sleepers, dining and lounge cars, streamlining, the latest improvements in freight equipment, and the rapid, powerful, modern locomotive. Yet their losses continue.

In Canada, the answer to railway difficulties is largely in the fact that we have built hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of paved highways to compete with the railways. In other words, we have in effect bonused other means of transportation to compete with the transportation we already possessed. That is what the bus means.

The bus may be desirable; may have been inevitable. But whether the bus be desirable or not, it is at least important to know what it means. Merely to go on judging railway results by the standards and reasoning of twenty-five years ago, or to go on arguing about the merits of public ownership and private ownership, isn't sensible.—Ottawa Journal.

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Last Of Its Kind

British Sailing Ship, 70 Years Old, Sold To Estonia

The barquentine Waterrigger, in the British coasting trade, has been sold to Estonia after nearly 70 years under the Red Ensign. For the past four years she has been laid up on the mud at the little Cornish port of Par.

The Waterwitch, a wooden vessel of 207 tons gross, was built at Poole in 1871. She was launched from the yard of a local shipbuilder, Meadus, and was then rigged as a brig, being intended for the West India fruit trade. In her construction were used many stout pieces of timber, sold by the Government Dockyards on account of their being too small for use in the building of warships.

The brig Waterwitch made a few voyages to the West Indies, but in the mid-eighties she was rerigged as a barquentine and put into the coasting trade. For over 20 years she was in the coal trade from the North-East Coast to Portsmouth, where she used to frequent the Camber. She had the reputation of being a "hard-case" ship, and was known among coastwise seamen as "the Portsmouth Workhouse". She was certainly a hard-driven ship. She once made the passage from Sunderland to Portsmouth in 36 hours. For many years she carried a foreroyal and topmast stunsails; and even a few years before the War she carried topmast stunsail booms, though only for show.—London Times.

Peter Nyegosh, 17-year-old boy of Novi Sad, Yugoslavia, ate a 138-page poem on a 20-cent bet. Each page was wrapped around a bit of bread and dunked in water.

The 1937 major league baseball payroll of the United States was the largest on record. It amounted to $3,200,000 for the sixteen clubs.

A population study shows that in 28 leading countries the largest city is more than twice as large as the next in rank.

Unusual Opera Company

Puppets Will Furnish Entertainment For Visitors To New York Fair

An opera company without stars and without salaries, without temperament and without tantrums—but one which will present such great operas as "Aida", "La Traviata", "I Pagliacci" and "Faust", is one of the most interesting entertainment features of the New York World's Fair.

It's an opera company of puppets, each about 13 inches high—with no strings attached! The "kicks", literal and figurative, are engineered from underneath the stage, via wires, by expert operators who know their opera and know how to synchronize perfectly the movements of the puppets to the music and singing, supplied by special high fidelity recordings of real opera stars.

The settings, designed by Ernest Wolff, are exact copies of scenery used by the famous La Scala opera of Milan, the Metropolitan and Chicago opera companies. Each opera is complete with miniature furniture, fireplaces, rocks, trees and other necessary properties. The stage is six feet wide, four feet high and eight feet deep.

There are 160 puppet opera stars in all, with a fifty-piece puppet orchestra in the pit. As the house lights are dimmed in the little theatre in the gas industry's "Court of Flame" exhibit group, the tiny orchestra leader raises his baton, and every violinist begins to fiddle in perfect tempo.

No scene or feat is too difficult for the puppet performers. Wine flows from empty kegs, roses wilt and lose their color. The star soprano sinks gradually and gracefully into the arms of a tenor who plays opposite her with great gusto.

Mephistopheles appears and vanishes out of sudden gusts of thin white vapor. The aged Faust transforms into the beardless suitor of the beautiful Marguerite. An army of soldiers, slaves, camels and elephants passes in review to the stirring "Triumphal March" of "Aida". All is done without the jerkiness of motion associated with puppet shows you may have seen.

Thirteen years ago in a Chicago basement, Ernest Wolff, then 12, began experimenting with puppets synchronized to opera recordings. The boy always had preferred opera to western thrillers and detective stories. He was truly interested in the lives of great musicians. He saved his allowance and went to opera whenever he could. His ambition was to recreate the majestic scenes from his favorite operas in his tiny puppet theatre in the basement.

For thirteen years, Ernest Wolff, with the help of his mother, has spent every minute of his spare time perfecting a new form of opera presentation. And what started out to be an amusing hobby has become a life work. Now, with seven operas ready to be shown, Mr. Wolff's puppet opera organization will perform several times a day during the first 26 weeks of the Fair.

Claimed By Australians

Fruit Town Of Mildura Has Longest Bar In World

A story has reached London Australians to the effect that New York is about to claim a world's record for a 205-foot bar which is to open at the World's Fair. London Australians say that 205 feet is just 80 feet short of the world's longest bar. They say that the only 285-foot bar in the world is neither in Shanghai nor in Agua Caliente, but is right out in Australia, at the fruit town of Mildura on the Murray River in Victoria.

A new two-year course involving air-raid precautions and principles of national defence has been introduced in Turkish schools.

The blue Mediterranean has been transformed into Europe's gun-kist sea.

Monkeys are the only animals that have learned the art of throwing things.

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Astronomical Mystery

Puff Ball Stars Present A New Problem To Scientists

McDonald observatory was dedicated with announcement of discovery of new mystery—puff ball stars, which expand with a great flare of light and dim again all within one day.

The discovery, made recently at Harvard, was announced literally at the upper end of the great new telescope at Fort Davis, Texas, the 82-inch "eye" which will be operated jointly by University of Texas and University of Chicago.

Standing on the observing platform, Harvard's director, Dr. Harlow Shapley, told the new story to an audience sitting far below.

The new stars were observed near the outer edge of the small Magellanic cloud, a huge star world, nearly 1,000,000 light years away.

The reason the new stars puff up so rapidly is not yet clear. But it is indicated the puffing has something to do with the presumably smaller mass and less crowding of stars in their vicinity. The puff balls may be useful in enabling astronomers to discover what goes on in the unknown centres of star "universes" like the milky way.

Were Greatly Interested

Strangers Had Good Reason For Helping To Fight Fire

When the farm home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Fick, a mile north of Port Burwell, Ont., caught fire, two well-dressed business men passing in a car just as the blaze was discovered played prominent roles in the fire fighting that followed. As they toiled in the smoke and dirt, two good suits were soiled and torn. A few minutes later they stepped back from the house and standing at the head of the fire-fighting gang they had organized the two men scanned the building for more signs of fire. But they had succeeded in killing the blaze, the fire was out. A damage estimated at $400 was all that the house suffered.

"Who are you fellows?" one of the Fick neighbors asked. "Not every motorist would stop and ruin suits of clothes like you two have in saving a house for someone you probably don't know!"

The pair were insurance agents, who held the fire insurance policy on the building just saved from the flames.

Spirit Of Tolerance

Something That Is Deeply Rooted In The Canadian Consciousness

A German resident of Winnipeg, who is applying for Canadian naturalization, was asked recently what he considered to be the outstanding thing in our Canadian character. He replied, "Duldung — the spirit of tolerance". The instinct to extend to others the freedom we expect for ourselves, he added, is deeply rooted in Canadian consciousness.

At a time when governments elsewhere are denouncing tolerance not only as weak in itself, but as an unbearable handicap to the building up of a nation, it might be well to think a little about why it is a good thing.

We are tolerant because we believe it right to be so. We believe that no man is good enough or wise enough to rule other men without their consent. And we believe that no man's rights are safe unless he is willing and able to grant to other men the same rights he expects for himself.—Winnipeg Tribune.

One of the most exciting night clubs in Hungary has seats in corners which at the press of a button will lift two people slowly to the ceiling where they may converse privately.

There are more than 8,500 race horses and another 7,500 trotting horses training or in competition in the United States.

Man's carelessness causes more than half of the forest fires in the United States.

2307

Atlantic's New Deep Spot

An Undersea Chasm Near The Island Of Puerto Rico

A new deepest hole in the Atlantic ocean, over five miles deep, was discovered February 14 by the U.S.S. Milwaukee while she was participating in the recent fleet problem. The Milwaukee's sounding was made with a fathometer in the Puerto Rico Trough, an undersea chasm near the island of Puerto Rico, which possesses already the reputation of having the greatest depths in the Atlantic ocean.

Nares Deep within the trough was named for Admiral George Strong Nares (1831-1915), who as commander of H.M.S. Challenger recorded a sounding in that area of 3,875 fathoms on March 26, 1873. Rear Admiral Albert Gleaves, United States Navy, in command of the U.S.S. Dolphin, obtained a sounding of 4,662 fathoms in the deep in 1902. This was the record depth until the Milwaukee found a hole nearly a half-mile deeper.

The Milwaukee's sounding was 4,780 fathoms, uncorrected for salinity, pressure and temperature. When corrected the depth will be in excess of 5,000 fathoms, and will be marked on new charts as "Milwaukee Depth". — U.S. Army and Navy Journal.

He Saved His Money

Stonemason In England Donates $2,000 To A Hospital

John Snow, 90-year-old stonemason, of Oxford, Eng., astonished his neighbors by giving $2,000 to a hospital. He had never earned more than $5.75 a week, but he and his wife had saved.

Snow, known locally as "the second Lord Nuffield," told the real Lord Nuffield, millionaire philanthropist, he and his wife had never been to a theatre and had never taken a holiday of more than one day at a time—a long time ago.

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Interesting Local Items

* * *

Mr. Jim Podesta left last Monday for Calgary where he expects to obtain employment.

* * *

Mr. T. Van Wort has taken up residence in the back of Mr. J. M. Hohn's Store on Proadway.

* * *

Little Gloria Davis had a birthday party last Friday to which many little friends were invited. They all had a pleasant time.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. G. Vogal who have been in our town for some time are going to Germany next week, where they will reside in future.

* * *

Mrs. Hope and Mrs. Fairhurst were the hostesses at a whist drive at the home of Mrs. Hope under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary. Miss Melba Nolan won the first prize and Mrs. Podesta Sr. the consolation. A very lovely lunch was afterwards served by the ladies.

* * *

One of the many attraceions in Medicine Hat this week end is a free athletic demonstration to be held in the ball park. There yill be a lacross game, a soft ball game and a boxing tournament in which a numberof Redcliff Redcliff boy's are taking part.

* * *

Mr. Curtis Buchholz is visiting friends in Calgary this week.

* * *

Mrs. E. L. Stone went to Winnipeg on Monday morning for a short visit.

* * *

Miss Mary Broughton and Miss Lillian Lenning are visiting friends in Medicine Hat this week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Mellon and two children accompanied by Mrs. Sartison and son of Tilley, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. Shaw last Sunday.

A Welcome
To Their Majesties

For the first time in history a reigning British Sovereign and His Royal Queen are visiting Canada. Through the grain belt of the West, through the ranch lands, up the foothills and over the Rockies, the Royal Progress makes its way.

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AND MANY OTHER NOVELTIES
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SPECIAL BARGAIN FARE TO
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PAINT SALE
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS
May 10th to 20th
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THE S. E. GUST STORE
Phone 241 Free Delivery

Rhubarb, 7 lbs. -	25c	Cup Circle Coffee, Brown Bag lb. -	29c
Good Dairy Butter 2 -	35c	Blue Bag., at - - - -	39c
Eggs Grade B. Doz -	15c	Oranges All Sizes 2 doz. 25c 2 doz. 29c, 2 doz. 39c, 2 doz. 49c. 35c doz. 45c doz	
Mixed Jam 'Pectin' 4 lb	39c	Serviettes, 80 to Pkt. 2 at	25c
Pure M. F. Straw, Jam	47c	Sultanna Fruit Cake 2 lb. Each -	35c
Mixed Jam, 4 lb. Tin-	35c		
Cup Circle Tea, lb. - -	47c		

2 Large Lux and 1939 - 50c
Knitting Book Free

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WITH PALM ICE CREAM
"THE CREAM OF THEM ALL"
A Large Variety Of Flavors ALWAYS ON HAND
TRY THEM!
Chopsuey, Orange, Cherry Custard, Maple Walnut, Chocolate, Vanilla, Etc.
A Full Line of Sundaes and Sodas.
ICE CREAM NOVELTIES, SUCH AS
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Chocolate, Milk and Soft Drinks
Always ice Cold with Our
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